

Attraction

*30 Days of Writing (August
'17) - XVIII*

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Attraction by Tortellini

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Summary:

30 Days of Writing, Day 20: Tremble

Fandom: It (Stephen King) (2017)

Stanley Uris has a breakdown. (In retrospect it's just the first of many more to come, though the rest of them are mostly unrelated to this one in particular).

Oneshot

Attraction

Bill was soft spoken and solemn, especially after the events of the past year. Richie used to joke that one of the reasons why Stan liked him so much was just because they were so similar. Maybe that was true, but honestly, Stan admired him. He admired how steady he was--how after everything that had happened, he was strong enough to let the others lean on him if they needed it. He was a good listener; he had put up with Richie and all of his bullshit, and Eddie's worrying, and Mike's quiet grieving for the parents he had never known. Stan remembered Bill's own arms around him in that sewer, and how he could just make out his stutters over his own hyperventilating. Somehow it helped.

But before all that--before their tiny world had gone to hell, there had originally been just the four of them. Before Mike had come up to town, and Ben had moved there, and Beverly had taken the time to notice them...there'd been Bill, Richie, Eddie, and Stan. Richie and Eddie had gone off on their own for the two of them. Anyone who looked at them knew they were close.

And just like that, Stan was close to Bill.

He didn't know when it happened, if he was asked. He couldn't say the exact month, or day. Part of that was because he'd been able to deny all of this from happening for a long time. Maybe if he did it enough, or hard enough, or both, then it would work. It wouldn't be true. The other part of it though was simply that Stan hadn't realized what exactly was happening. That sounded dumb, but it was the truth.

The first time Stan had gotten scared of this was a regular day. He was walking with Bill with his hands in his pockets; they were both taller than Rich and Eddie who walked in front of them, and these days the two of them were close in height. If one looked at their outlines the only way they could tell which of them was which was because Stan had curly hair, and he was much skinnier.

Stan had to stop before them when they walked home. He was going to his synagogue.

"Bye, Bill," he called out quietly, and rose a hand. Bill gave a small smile.

"B-bye, Stan."

Stan turned and started to walk back down the road; he should've stopped a couple minutes ago, but he'd lost track of the time and had kept walking. It was nice, hearing Richie laugh, feeling his shoulder brush with Bill's. Yeah, it was...nice.

Stan lost track of his thoughts now too. It wasn't really too unusual, seeing as he was a thoughtful kid. Right now, slowly, his thoughts drifted from the broader subject of his friends to specifically Bill. Bill with his big soulful eyes, his sweet stutter that somehow didn't impair him when he was so sincere about whatever he was talking about... Bill, who was sweet, and brave, who had cool hands, and soft bangs...

Who was handsome.

That brought Stan out of his thoughts and he actually froze. He looked around to make sure no one had heard him--even though that was impossible. And then his face whitened. He felt physically sick.

Bill was his friend. His best friend. He-he didn't like him. Not like that. No, boys were supposed to like girls. Boys weren't supposed to like boys. It was wrong.

He struggled not to cry as he turned around and went the other way in the direction of his house. He didn't want to be in a religious place, not now and not ever, not when really deep down he knew he wasn't wrong. He knew that he really did think Bill was strong and handsome and everything else that he was afraid of.

When Stan was in his room, he finally cried. He wretched and wiped his eyes angrily. He was trembling...

And then he prayed. Stan prayed to be fixed. He prayed that God would forgive him, and he prayed that Bill would never, ever find out...

From that day forward, Stanley became more withdrawn. His fears

more pronounced, his neurotic tendencies more noticeable. His friends never found out why though. And he was so thankful.